

STORY OF ADVENTURE.

A CLOSE CALL.

Thanksgiving day found Sam Beresford and myself on the summit of the range overlooking the Bear Lake valley. It was our first attempt at deer hunting. We had left Meadville in the morning, our destination being Curtis' ranch, fifteen miles down the Blacksmith Fork canyon. The only game we had so far bagged consisted of some dozen pine hens, secured from a covey flushed near the top of the ridge. A solitary deer passed us in good range, but in our excitement we fired. I saw one bullet strike twenty-five yards to the left of where I was supposed to be aiming.

As we started down the trail I glanced at the time. Five o'clock, and darkness already approaching. It would be moonlight, however, and we'd been told we could not miss our way. Some distance down, Sam stopped, and slipped from the saddle, took hold of the bridle and walked carefully ahead, calling to me to "mind myself, the roadway was very rough."

"Rough!" I ejaculated, as my horse stumbled over a big rock. "Well, I should remark. This is exactly what that young fellow spoke of as the Danish Dugway."

We managed to get through and remounting continued our journey down the canyon. I was awfully tired inside of another hour and caught myself dozing several times.

"Funny we don't come to that ranch," I finally remarked, riding alongside of Sam. No reply. I glanced in his direction. He was certainly sound asleep. I stopped both horses, and getting down from the saddle took out my flask for a good long pull. The solitude struck me forcibly with Sam asleep. I replaced the flask and walked over to his side. He looked so comical with his head fallen forward to one side that I burst out laughing; but the laugh froze on my lips as I heard some distance to our right a most diabolical half scream, half roar. It was answered by another if anything more hellish than the first. My heart beat wildly. Sam woke with a start and almost fell from his saddle.

"Grab the guns!" I yelled as I caught hold of both horses and endeavored to quiet them. Sam recovered himself in time to detach our four guns, as one of the horses broke loose from my grasp and galloped off down the canyon. I let go the other. It was no use trying to hold him. They were both frantic with fear. Once more that hideous scream broke the stillness.

"Mountain lions," said Sam in a hoarse whisper. I could see his face blanch in the moonlight.

"Why, Sam," I managed to chatter as we took up our rifles and tremblingly pushed shells into the magazines. "I had no idea there were any lions so close to civilization."

"Nor I," he replied. "Give me some whiskey, Jack. I've got to recover my nerve."

I handed him the flask and he emptied it at one draught. We stood irresolute. Suddenly I saw the glimmer of a light. It seemed to come from the very road we had traveled. I called Sam's attention to it, adding:

"I'm going for that light. It must be a house. I'm not out hunting lions, and I'm not anxious to have them hunt me." And picking up my shotgun, off I started, Sam following.

"Careful, old man," he said, "we're liable to get ourselves into trouble, any moment."

We walked back cautiously over the trail, keeping the light in view.

"Daw-quick," whispered Sam; and we both dropped. I looked ahead and saw two enormous beasts glide across the road. My heart commenced thumping again. We crept slowly on, our rifles held ready for instant use.

We were now nearly abreast of the light and saw that it came from a house on the other side the creek, just below where the lions had crossed. It must be the ranch, and we'd passed it while half asleep. We paused at a little bridge crossing the stream. The house was now in full view, not ten rods distant.

Again that horrible scream. It seemed but a few yards away. Sam half raised himself. "Look," he whispered excitedly. "There they are—to the left, near the barn."

I looked in the direction indicated. There they were. Magnificent specimens! Never before had I looked upon

one in his native state. With all my nervousness I was fascinated.

What should we do? Hound the people or hazard a shot? We were discussing these questions when the door suddenly opened and a figure appeared on the threshold. It was a woman. What could it mean? The lions saw her and one crouched for a spring. She raised a rifle, and taking steady aim, fired.

"Bravo," cried Sam excitedly, as one of the beasts was stretched on the ground, his huge feet clawing wildly at the air, his snarl and growls fearful to hear.

We jumped to our feet and ran forward. The woman turned quickly to re-enter the house as the remaining brute hurled himself toward her with a terrible, menacing cry. We fired as he sprang.

"Oh, Sam," I cried, "he has slipped, she has fallen; God have mercy, he's almost on her!"

Another volley from our repeaters and we had his entire attention. He stopped and glared at us. We were only twenty feet distant, with Sam somewhat ahead. He dropped on one knee and fired again. The lion crouched himself for a spring. Our aim must be perfectly dreadful. I gave him another shot as he launched himself full at Sam, who went down underneath his weight. No more nervousness now. My blood was up. I grasped a long, ugly knife I'd borrowed, never expecting to need it. I'd never used one before in my life, but that thought never struck me. Sam's life was at stake. I threw myself on the beast and instinctively grabbed for his throat. I jabbed him again and again with all my strength, dodging his feeble blows. Our bullets were taking effect. He made a last desperate effort to fasten his teeth in my arm, and collapsed, rolling down to the edge of the creek.

I had received but a few trifling wounds, though my clothes were torn and I was covered with blood. Sam was insensible and the blood flowed from a gash in his neck. The woman was unhurt, and coming hurriedly forward, we carried him into the house. Laying him on the bed, we almost tore his clothes off. There was only the one wound visible. I breathed easier, as we bandaged this and started the work of restoration.

"Sam, dear Sam," I said as he showed signs of returning consciousness. He turned his head slightly. "Dear old Sam," I continued, "tell me you ain't much hurt." He opened his eyes and I gave him some brandy. Raising himself on one arm, he put his hand up to his wounded neck.

"I think he's only weak from loss of blood," I quietly remarked the woman. He called me to him; I leaned over his bedside.

"Did you kill him?" he asked finally. "As dead as a door nail," I replied, smiling in spite of my anxiety, as his true sportsman's nature asserted itself first of all.

"But you helped," I added. He groined for my hand and pressed it feebly. I gave him another swallow of brandy and told him to go to sleep. Mrs. Curtis (for it was the ranch) explained that her husband and son had not yet returned from a trip after wood. She was alone with their other child, a little girl of four, whom she brought in. I picked her up and hugged her closely to me.

"Dear little one," I thought, "what a father and brother have returned and found but bloodstains to tell the terrible tale."

We were still talking when we heard voices. The woman ran to the door. They were home. The ranchman was pale as death. They had heard both the lions and the shooting when far up the mountain. Imagine his feelings. He caught up wife and child, looked at Sam, stretched on the bed, with his bandaged neck, then at me, covered with blood, and without saying a word came over, grasped my hand, and rang it till I wailed.

Next morning Curtis volunteered to take us where the deer were plenty. I looked at Sam—we both had the same thought.

"Tell you what, Mr. Curtis," he said, screwing his wounded neck around, so he could look squarely at him. "I've had about all the fun I want this trip. I think I'll rest on my honors. If you haven't any bigger game than mountain lions up here, I guess I'll light out for home."

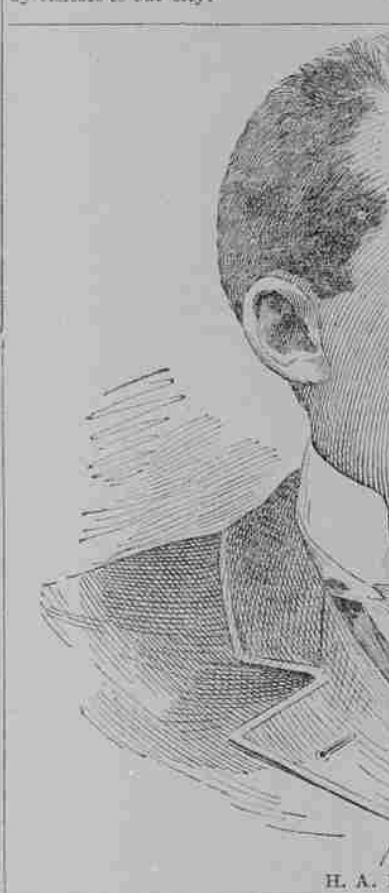
"Amen," said I; and home we went, taking along one of the skins as a trophy of our night's adventure.

"FORTHUS."

Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.

This large business house, whose handsome structure appears in another part of this edition, is without doubt the finest equipped establishment of its kind in the west. The present firm, consisting of N. H. Walker, president; J. R. Walker, Jr., secretary, and H. A. Fyler, manager, was organized and incorporated in 1890. Prior

to this the present enterprise was started on a small scale in 1854 by the Walker Bros. in the building now occupied by the Utah National bank, but the business having grown to such enormous proportions it was considered necessary to rent a larger building. We feel sure that we are not asserting or claiming too much when we say no establishment has achieved a more respectable position commercially, nor been conducted upon a more liberal and conservative basis than has this establishment. In the person of Mr. H. A. Fyler, Messrs. Walker Bros. secured a valuable assistant in building up this mammoth establishment, for he not only brought a long experience of eastern methods, but tact and discrimination in entering to the taste of the fair sex within our city, and it is now no longer considered necessary as it used to be in days gone by to find out what is the proper style, for Mr. Fyler, in his business visits to New York, makes such a generous selection that it leaves nothing to be desired, and as the prices compare so favorably with eastern houses it is often commented on as matter of surprise by visitors to our city.



H. A. FYLER.

UTAH'S AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS

To Be Exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Special difficulties from the very nature of the exhibit attend the collection for the agricultural section of Utah at the Columbian exposition. Industries that are centralized in a few localities and heavily capitalized are quick to move and find that special efforts serve their vested interests. Farming is minutely subdivided and scattered, so far as individual units are concerned, over a great area, and few individuals of this industry have special interests that induce special sacrifices. Utah covers the territory of an empire, and it is difficult to ascertain, without great cost, where the very best materials are to be found.

To avoid the financially impossible task of visiting extensively the individual homes of the farmers, resort was made to circulars to the public through the press, to fairs, and to a certain extent to individual inquiry. Although the press has most generously opened its columns to communications in relation to the agricultural collection, a very meager response has been made. Five hundred carefully ruled and arranged notebooks have been sent to nearly as many threshers throughout the territory for the purpose of ascertaining the yield of our leading crops

upon irrigated grounds, in order that the great yield of our irrigated farms might be satisfactorily shown at the World's fair.

Five hundred postal cards have been sent to wool growers with an urgent appeal for their aid.

If Utah shows at the World's fair, products, either in quantity per acre or in quality something superior to that of other states, a vast number of interested parties will not fail to note the advantages of our climate and soil, a result that would doubtless affect the value of farm property within our borders. On the other hand, a failure to make an exhibit that will compare favorably with that of the other states of the Union must react most disadvantageously upon our own agriculture; for if our processes and products are inferior to those of others in the sisterhood of states it can but serve to arouse us to better efforts, and, thus, through better processes we may reach a higher development of wealth, and all that wealth implies in the life of states.

I therefore, seize upon this opportunity to renew the earnest solicitations to our farmers, heretofore expressed through

thirty miles in length of Cache valley. This painting is for the purpose of exhibiting that which exists nowhere else in the United States—a fully developed farm village system. Philanthropists and statesmen have advocated the system for sundry reasons, and several attempts have been made to establish it in other parts of the Union. This painting thus representing a unique system, will doubtless be a subject of study to people of other states. Associated with it is a drawing of a single farm village, wherein is displayed the principle inaugurated by Brigham Young of turning the house front of each block at an angle of 90 degrees to the other blocks, that the privacy of the farm village home might thus be increased. Near these pictures will hang some nine or ten statistical maps, 2x3 feet each, packed full of agricultural statistics of the territory, and containing the results of the agricultural researches at the experiment station.

A large relief map, 12x16 feet, made of plaster, will show an irrigated valley of Utah. This map will have its reservoir, dam, spillway, head-gates, irrigated farm, orchard, garden, its artesian well, etc., and will be surrounded by the mountain scenery so familiar to us, provisions being made to carry running water over the ground in order to show to visitors the system of distribution of water. Near it will be upwards of 100 photographs of farm scenes, including irrigation scenes. By its side will also hang two large paintings, nearly life size, of an original irrigator, a Platte Indian, tracing by flowing water, following the tracings of a stick, the line of an irrigation canal, and the wind group of our pioneers mapping out the first irrigation canal of Utah. There will also be drawings of the irrigation systems of the territory. Colonel Stevenson of Salt Lake city has kindly interested himself in this direction.

A dozen of the soils of Utah, taken in a vertical position, from one and a half to four feet deep, will be shown in tall boxes having glass fronts exactly as the soils stand in nature. The exhibit will contain some of the fertilizers of the territory, but guano, nitrate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, salt, plaster and lime.

The several varieties of farm crops will be shown in their natural condition; that is, twenty-five varieties of our grasses, taken at full length and placed in bunches of three inches in diameter. The same will be done with a great many varieties of grain. At the foot of the grain will be bottles of selected grain, representing the varieties, while in the large, tall glass jars will be shown some of the best selections of wheat, rye, oats and barley. In smaller bottles will be shown the lesser crops, beans, peas and garden seeds. Hay will be represented by a bale of timothy, lucerne and wild hay. Perhaps some hundred or more varieties of our grain crops and grasses will be shown, while several of the varieties of grains will be represented in large quantities.

Between 300 and 400 bottles of white flint glass have been filled with our horticultural products for the horticultural department. These include many of the varieties of small and large fruits from the strawberry to the apple. It also includes several of our vegetable crops. These have been preserved in liquid containing corrosive sublimate. Much experimenting has been done with the various preservatives by many students of the question in various parts of the country. No material has yet been found that preserves for a satisfactory length of time the color of the fruits.

This exhibit, collected at a great deal of trouble and cost, while of much use, and, in fact, indispensable, will not perfectly represent the deep rich color of the fruits of Utah, but will give some of their variety, style and size. For the above reason there will be, during the coming season, a collection of the several fruits in their season. These will be forwarded by express and shown at the proper season. The same is true of the dairy collection. A few bottles only of butter will be shown, that the fact may not be overlooked that Utah can produce fine butter. We shall depend upon collections next season to represent to the best advantage the fine colored and flavored butter that the high quality of crops grown in our climate produces.

A limited number, perhaps forty or so, of our more beautiful and distinguishing flowering plants will be shown. Perhaps thirty or more of our game birds, and those of attractive plumage, will also be shown if Chief Buchanan consents to permit them to be exhibited in the farm section. We have felt that any product of our soil or air belongs to this exhibit.

In the agricultural section will be shown the sugar beets, with a statement of the percentage of sugar found in them, exhibited in beautiful glass jars. These

will be accompanied with some samples of the sugar produced here. The interest Utah has taken in the sugar industry has attracted national attention, and the factory at Lahi is known throughout the United States.

The waters of our most important rivers have been collected and analyzed to show the amount of floral food that an inch of our irrigation waters bring upon an acre of crops.

From southern Utah we shall have exhibits of cotton, almonds and other products peculiar to the southern tier of counties. From this section will be secured the fossilized wood, to be exhibited in association with the woods of the territory, about thirty of which have been gathered, fitted and polished for placing in the forestry division of the exposition.

We are depending upon the spring clip for an exhibit of wool. Great efforts will be made to make this exhibit complete. We shall have the assistance of the Provo woolen mills, of Charles Crane, Esq., and of others. Mr. Crane already has a sheep worked in wool and feathers, shown at the recent fair at Salt Lake city, that will itself be unique. It will be accompanied by other exhibits from his flock that are already exceedingly creditably arranged. We have the tender from him of a typical high-bred wool sheep for mounting and exhibiting in the agricultural section. That the high position of Utah as a wool-producing territory may be appreciated, it is probable that a bale of selected pelts and probably a mounted Rocky Mountain sheep will be shown. Utah is a native home of the sheep, where they thrive as in few localities of the country. It is contemplated making an exhibit of a mounted buffalo and a Rocky Mountain goat, if the latter can be secured.

This gives an approximate outline of the material that will be displayed at Chicago by the agricultural section of the Utah World's fair commission. I need not generalize upon the special importance of this section of our exhibit, nor upon the exhibit in general. It is probable that no section of the country can so fully afford to neglect this opportunity of making the very best exhibit possible in its power. Commercial and social reasons combine to give importance to this opportunity of Utah. I therefore ask the farm public and others who may be able to assist, to tender to the commission any product of earth or air of superior character that is adapted to exhibit in the agricultural section. We not only ask for material, but will be pleased to receive suggestions in regard to collection or designs in exhibiting the collections that may be deemed of sufficient importance.

J. W. SANBORN,
Chief Agricultural Section Utah World's Fair Commission.

LOGAN, December, 1892.

Utah has building stone in every canyon, of every conceivable color and texture, and in quantities sufficient to build a world.

Shelley's first wife was the daughter of an innkeeper. She was unconventional, and she deserted her for Mary Godwin. The forsaken wife committed suicide.

David married for love, Michel, daughter of Saul, but was forced to get rid of her on account of her ungovernable temper.

The famous John Hunter married a fashionable wife and constantly angered her by ordering her company out of the house.

The wife of Grotius shared her husband's imprisonment and finally succeeded in smuggling him out of the jail in a trunk.

Cato married a poor girl that she might be completely dependent on him and found her as troublesome as though she were an heiress.

Utah has coal enough to supply the whole of America. Half of the veins will never be touched in a century from now.

The married life of Lord Nelson was made miserable by his infatuation for Lady Hamilton.

Verdi married young, winning a charming Italian girl, who made his home ideally perfect.

The married life of the famous Pasterina was long and unsullied by domestic clouds.

Goethe married an estimable "frau" who made him quite content with his home.

Salt Lake has a driving park which has been honored by the fastest horses in the country, and which is pronounced the equal of any similar institution.

1864 ESTABLISHED 1864 ESTABLISHED 1864

F. AUERBACH & BRO.,

The LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE of Salt Lake City.

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Our SILK and DRESS GOODS Department ALWAYS carries a Rich and Well Assorted Stock of NOVELTIES of EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MANUFACTURES, comprising SILKS and VELVETS, Plain and Fancy Weaves, Chrysal Weaves, OTTOMAN, ARMURE, GROS GRAIN, PEAU DE SOIE, POMPADOUR, JAPANESE and CHINA SILKS, Rich Woolen Cloths, Plain and Fancy Cloths, Etc.

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NOTIONS

By the Thousands are the Bargains to be found in this Department in Ladies' Woolen Underwear, Wool and Silk Hosiery. Corsets in P. D., S. C., H. & S., J. B., Dr. Warner's, C. S. and Thompson's Glove Fitting. Fans in magnificent array. FOSTER'S KID GLOVES. La Duchesse, Point and Valenciennes Lace and Silk Scarfs and Fichus.

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Our ONLY Aim and Motto is JUST and HONEST Values for Each Dollar Expended in our Store.

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Offers great inducements on all High Grades, including E. C. Burt's and Curtis & Wheeler's finest makes of French Kid, hand-turns and welts. We quote a few of the many Bargains in this department and call your attention to the fact that we have all sizes.

E. C. Burt's French Kid, hand turns, sold at \$7.00; now \$4.00.

E. C. Burt's French Kid, hand turns and welts, sold at \$5.00; now \$3.50.

E. C. Burt's French Kid, hand turns and welts, sold at \$5.50; now \$3.00.

Curtis & Wheeler's French Kid, hand turns, sold at \$6.00; now \$4.00.

Curtis & Wheeler's hand turns, patent leather, sold at \$6.00; now \$3.00.

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